

Halo: The Final Assault

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Summary: The war has made everyone weary and war torn. But it isn't over yet. The Covenant is on Earth, looking for something and things have all gone to hell. Enter the Master Chief. The cool, collected warrior who just might need some help this time. Please R&R.

1. The Transmission

-**Intercepted Communications transmission**-

"The Covenant are moving towards our position? Where the hell is the good news in that?!"

>> "Sir, you've heard the rumor that has been flying around? About the Spartan-IIs?"

"Get to the point."

>> "I think I can prove them right."

"You mean...?"

>> "ETA: Ten minutes. We're expecting a warm welcome."

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>A M274 Ultra-Light All-Terrain Vehicle, better known as a Mongoose, sped across the mostly savanna-like terrain. At the wheel was a Spartan, cloaked in the heavy duty gear that was the MJOLNIR Mark VI armour, the green colour paint faded and scorched in some places, completely gone in others. A figure that almost every single surviving Marine and Navel officer recognized. Master Chief Petty Officer Spartan John-117. The same man who thoroughly weakened the Covenant by destroying one of their 'scared rings'(known as Halos) while also figuring out the rings purpose. He is the same person that protected the Super MAC Gun platform known as the Cairo, killed a Prophet on yet another Halo, infiltrated their 'holy city' and made

it home in one piece. <p>On the back of the ATV was... an Elite. Armed with a Plasma Rifle, the silver clad creature gripped onto the small handle in the back. He was the Arbiter, an Elite that John had apparently disgraced during his first Halo assault. This disgrace cause him to be promoted(didn't make sense to John, either) to a seldom used rank in the Covenant hierarchy. The Chief didn't ask for details. They had met up in the jungle that they were currently leaving behind, after a small misunderstanding. And John holding a pistol to the Arbiters neck. Trailing behind them was a Banshee.<p>

The driver of the Banshee was unknown, due to the odd design of the aircraft, but it wasn't firing at them, so it was obviously friendly. Farther behind was a single Pelican, which carried at the very least Miranda Keyes, former Commander of the UNSC frigate In Amber Clad, and Sergeant Major Avery Junior Johnson, a survivor of the first Halo attack. The group, minus the undamaged Banshee, had braved the Tsavo Highway in order to get this far. And relieved they were when they found no more Covenant 'Loyalists', as the Arbiter called them, were around to hinder them.

There was a visible decrease in tension as they neared the base, glad to see that it had not been wiped out. "Let's hurry up, people. It would be rude to be late." A female voice said over the comm, having finished a conversation with one of the higher ranking officers at the base. "We should get to the Voi base in approximately ten minutes. Provided that nothing holds us up."

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>The small caravan of vehicles arrived at the Marine holding a minute ahead of schedule, but were greeted with a normal military reaction none-the-less. As soon as they were within the walls of the base, every Marine the was in the welcome party pointed a gun at the Arbiter. They ignored the Banshee only because it read as friendly on everyones heads-up display. The Elite, however, was still seen as an enemy, and would be treated as such. "Gah, I knew this would happen. Everyone, stand down, he is an ally!" <p>"Easy for you to be calm, you're up in that Banshee." One Marine commented with a obvious Mexican accent. The female voice sighed, annoyed, and the Banshee lowered. The crafts anti-gravity pods touched the ground with a soft clang, and the top lifted to let out the pilot.<p>

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>AN_**: And that's all you're getting right now. I know, it's a tragedy. But you'll get over it. I know you are saying right about now 'what about the rumor?' Well, you'll find out about that... next chapter. I personally think it's glaringly obvious, but that's just me. I'm writing the story. Feel free to guess, though. Oh, I don't own Halo or any of the related copyrights and stuff. Just this. Anyway, please read and review. And stuff like that.

2. A Rumor

-**A rumor heard over various Comm. Channels**-

"Hey, did you hear?"

>> "Hear what?"

"They say that not all the Spartans went MIA on Reach."

>> "That's crazy. Everyone knows that the Chief is the last one. At least, the last on active duty."

"Yeah, well, what if he isn't?"

>> "Then... we'd have a better chance of getting out of this war alive."

"Exactly. Speaking of alive, how's the family?..."

* * *

>Time: 0950 Hours
 Date: 24, October, 2552 (UNSC Calender)

> Location: Voi Marine Base, Kenya, Africa
 Earth, Sol System**

Out of the Banshee came a very tall humanoid figure. It was covered from head to toe in a really worn looking cloak. Or, as John described it when he first saw it, 'it looked like it had been through a sandstorm, thrown into battle then dragged through a marsh.' Of course, for all they knew, it could of. It's wearer was very sparse on detail. It walked toward the Mongoose in front of it, standing right next to the Arbiter. Much to the chagrin of the Marine who spoke and the confusion of others. "Ha, you all should see your faces! Okay, remove the hood." the female voice said.

"Since when were you the boss?" another voice, also female, said. Regardless, the figure reached up to the hood covering it's head, sleeves falling to reveal solid green armour covering the hands and arms. Everyone started to mumble in shock as they figure pushed back the covering on it's head. Light from the sun gleamed off of the polarized glass of a definite MJOLNIR helmet. Many of the Marines questions, especially about the cloak, began to become easily heard, and it caused John to smirk under his visor. Getting off of the Mongoose, he looked to his fellow Spartan. "Inside."

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>Marines, techs and just about everyone else in the base it seemed was crowding around the pair of Spartans. "I hope you remember that I don't like crowds." the female Spartan commented to John over a private channel. Slowly, but surely, they pushed their way to the tech centre of the base. The door shut and the two got seem relative peace. A few technicians came forward, ready to aid the as-of-yet unnamed Spartan out of her armour. It was to be a very long, drawn out task, but in this case it needed to be done. Upon revealing herself, the Spartan had made sure to note the fact that the systems were in dire need of maintenance, most urgent being it's power supply. <p>However, before she allowed the techs to touch her, she removed a crystal data chip from her neural interface. It most likely contained the other voice they had heard while she had been in the Banshee. The Spartan handed it silently to John, who understood the gesture completely. Spartans were never big on words, at least in situations that didn't require them. He moved over towards a computer station, inserting the chip into a slot on the side. "Ah, it feels

good to have a change of systems." the AI said, voice filled with gratitude. "And now I can finally get some updates on what has been happening." The intelligence then fell silent, reading over the information. As it did, the technicians helped peel the green armour off of the rubber undersuit piece by piece.<p>

The helmet had been removed first to deactivate the airlock on the suit and allow it to be removed. Similarly, it would be the last piece put on. For the time in between, anyone could see the dark brown, almost perfectly black hair, which ended just below the ears, of the human under the armour. Battle hardened grey eyes followed each piece that was removed from the suit as they were set aside. Her skin was slightly tan, but was still obviously paled from it's natural colour. After what seemed like hours(which it probably was), all the armour had been removed and the Spartan was given standard issue Marine outfit, since they lacked much anything Navel.

It disturbed the Spartan to be in anything other than her armour. It felt as if, though she was wearing a uniform, that she had nothing on at all, as all Spartans had been in some sort of armour since 2525. Of course, until she was either issued a new suit or they fix her old Mark V, she was stuck as-is. Even if she didn't like it.

* * *

>"Sounds like you've been busy, John." <p>"Don't give me that, Tamura." John said. He had just finished giving the woman a five minute run-down of the happening since Reach. In return, she had told him how she managed to get to Earth. From the sound of it, the frigate Fall of Dusk had picked her up after the _Pillar of Autumn_ escaped into slipspace. After a random jump, they managed to ensure that they weren't being followed. However, it had received a fair amount of damage, with several areas sealed due to breaches in the hull. Both auxiliary engine drives were offline, with the mains not to far behind, and with many engineering routes out of service, the crew had to leave the ships AI, Lariana, to limp the ship home while avoiding the Covenant.

Of course when they get 'home', the _Fall of Dusk_ got caught in the gravity well of Earth. The rest of the details were slightly sketchy, as it seem she had been quick thawed, given Lariana and pushed into a Pelican(more or less) right before the ship entered the atmosphere. "I don't know what happened to the _Dusk_, so don't ask." Tamura stated flatly, then sighed. "I always did have some of the worst luck."

* * *

>AN:_* There you go. An update if you wanted it, and answers if you otherwise didn't care. I added the time and date and all that because the first chapter was mostly just a heads-up. Getting you into what was happening. I plan on adding a few things over the course of the story, but don't be (too)afraid, it probably won't be anything all that major. So, anyway, please read and review, because who will if you don't?

3. Report

-**Report from a UNSC vessel to Admiral Hood-**

"This is Fleet Admiral Gren. From the looks of it, the Covenant fleet is firing on it's own ships. Something about this doesn't seem right."

"Noted. What's your status, Admiral?"

"Well, our shipboard MAC gun is working, but all of our Archer Missiles are gone. It's about the same for most of the ships out here, I think."

* * *

>Time: 1025 Hours
 Date: 24, October, 2552 (UNSC Calender)

> Location: Voi Marine Base, Kenya, Africa
 Earth, Sol System**

It had taken longer than she thought it would to get her back in armour. However, it seemed fate smiled on her. There had been other Spartans on Earth a while ago, and a shipment of the new Mark VI had arrived for them. Of course, the one here had been sent out before the armour arrived, so Tamura ended up taking their place. "Sleek." Lariana said, looking over the Spartan from a holotank. It took Tamura a second to recognize her, as it had been a while since she had seen the knight-like AI physically. "Anyway, I've uploaded all the information I could about what's happening. Apparently while we were gone, the Chief has been busy."

"I am aware of that."

"Well then, once I'm back in your head, I'll display the data on your heads-up display. Just touch the tank."

The Spartan looked at her quizzically and the AI laughed. "Recent advancements," she began, "allow me to transfer to any system within a certain distance of my current location. Of course, that means they must be almost touching." Though hesitant, Tamura did as the artificial intelligence wished. Energy crackled around her hand, then a very familiar feeling. A sharp, cold sensation. It was uncomfortable, but easily gotten over. She had survived quite a long time with an AI within her mind.

In a flash, data streamed in front of her eyes, explaining the Flood, some sort of parasite, and the events on Halo. As interesting as she found the data, the woman couldn't help but think it had been ever so slightly glorified for John. "Oh, while I'm processing it, the highest ranking officer here, Lieutenant Colonel Malcom, requested you and the Chief meet with him when everything was taken care of. I'll alert him to your coming."

* * *

>John-117 and Tamura entered the briefing room of the small Marine base. Within was a man that looked like he was in his late thirties or early forties. His brown hair was greying, but the man's black eyes were battle hardened. Both Spartans addressed him with a salute. "Master Chief Petty Officer Spartan-117." <p>"Senior Chief Petty Officer Spartan-122."</p>

"At ease, soldiers." Malcom said with a nod. Standing from the chair he was in, walking around something like a table or an over-sized holotank. "As I am sure you already know, there is a Covenant movement heading towards our position. What you probably don't know is there we're already understaffed. I'm not gonna sugar coat it. We can't fight off all those aliens." There was a strange silence. Like when there is no sound, but noise still echoes in the air. Like the calm before the storm. "Lariana told me that you are looking to kill a Prophet. When this is done, I'll send a fire team with Commander Keyes to help you get to it."

He gave a nod, wordlessly dismissing the Spartan-IIs that he was meeting with. There was much planning to be done for this attack. They wouldn't be taken by surprize. Not if he could help it.

* * *

>AN: ** I'm just going to stop there. My brain is melting with a lack of ideas, and no combat is part of it. Anyway, please read this story and review. Who knows, it might stimulate my brain into producing ideas. Oh, and thanks for those who have reviewed so far.

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